Wounded Man's Quick Shot

with George Quinn in his professional capacity—and there were a great many such—had no reason to suspect that he was different in any essential particular from the general run of his profession. He dressed as the most of them did, with somewhat more of display than was in strict accord with the requirements of good taste. He wore diamonds in several spots. His hands were better cared for than most men's hands, and there were little angles in the outlines of one or two of his fingernalls, almost imperceptible to a casual glance, but so situated as to be extremely useful in a contingency.

Moreover, he was gifted with much self-restraint in the matter of useless speech, though he could be fluently and forcibly profane when the occasion demanded, and when he did speak he spoke to the point. For the rest, he was peaceable enough, as a rule, but redevil of a fighter when roused, and he could deal cards far more deftly and accurately than the average citizen.

Manner Was Modified. capacity-and there were a great man

Manner Was Modified.

When George Quinn visited Detroit, however, it was noticeable that his manner and appearance were both modified considerably. His diamonds were not in evidence, and there was an indefinably quieter air about his clothes, which appeared to be due to the way he wore them, rather to any change in color, cut, or texture. He was less reserved of speech, but also less prone to profanity, and he never played cards in Detroit. Curiously enough, the people in Detroit, many of whom knew him as a neighbor who was much away from home, never addressed him as Mr. Quinn. In fact, it is more than doubtful that the name Quinn was at all familiar to pretty lifting the Mrs. Osborne, who sreeted him as been discontinued now, for it was likely not the sporting element of the neighborhood, and was not unknown to travelers. Doubtless it has been discontinued now, for it was likely to the man to travelers. Doubtless it has been discontinued now, for it was likely to be much money in circulation where there was certain to be so much industry, were a number of gentlemen of the same profession which Mr. Quinn adorned.

At the time all this happened, the Kault Ste, Marie was in the transition stage from a mere hamlet, known only did not wish to have it appear that it was a quarrel about a woman. And this, indeed, was the case.

Newton was put sufficiently on his guard by this reasoning to make him and prosperous community. Among those who were quick to see the signs of its coming importance, and who reading station, with a small canal near by, to its present play as a manufacturing center and prosperous community. Among those who were quick to see the signs of its coming importance, and who readid not wish to have it appear that it was a quarrel about a woman. And the same a quarrel on him but did not wish to be vere a quarrel on him but did not wish to be vas a quarrel on him but did not wish to be vas a quarrel on him but did not wish to be a quarrel on him but did not wish to be vas a quarrel on him to the same an Quinn was at all familiar to pretty lit-tle Mrs. Osborne, who greeted him as her husband at such times as he found

her husband at such times as he found it convenient to be at home.

And Mr. Quinn had a great fondness for being Mr. Osborne, visiting Detroit at frequent, though irregular, inter-kals, and remaining there often for weeks at a time, during which he was an exemplary citizen and husband. At other times he was "traveling for an pastern house," and not even Mrs. Osborne would know his whereabouts.

progress in which he had a hand, and although he was not the only professional gentleman in the party, it seemed likely that there would be enough profit to divide up handsomely. Among the non-professionals who were

the cattleman was making his play on a buried ace, or was bluffing outrage-ously, but the only reasonable supposition was that he had a pair of tens, and Mr. Quinn's duty was plain. The old maxim, "When you have a pot won, keep it won," was familiar enough to him, and he knew that all he had to do was to "hist the cattleman" sufficiently to make him lay down.

IT WAS DELIVERED SO UN-ERRINGLY THAT IT ENDED A BAR-ROOM FIGHT.

borne, unless it was through Mrs. Os-

orne, whose acquaintance he had nade quite casually. Mr. Newton, however, did not return Mr. Newton, however, did not return to Cleveland, either then or thereafter. A little inquiry brought out the infor-mation that he had spoken of going up Lake Superior way for a summer cam-paign and Mr. Quinn soon took a steamer for the north. The steamer, as a matter of course, made its regular stop at Detroit, but Mr. Quinn did not go ashore there. His first stop was at

Hamlet in Transition Stage.

not unknown to travelers. Doubtless it has been discontinued now, for it was notorious even in those days as a particularly lawless place, even for outlaws. But it was in full blast when Mr. Quinn arrived at the Sault in search of Mr. Newton.

He made himself at home with Craw-ford for two or three days before New-ton arrived, but when that happened he managed to evade the newcomer till he saw him seated at a poker table Thought it a Hunch.

He had been away on one of his trips for a little over a week, in the spring of the year in which a certain notable game of poker was played at the Sault

game of poker was played at the Sault Ste. Marie, when he was tormented by feeling of disquiet which he could by he means explain to himself.

"Pears like its" a hunch o' some sort," he muttered, as he sat trying to get at an understanding of it; "but I'm blamed if I can tell what it's about." Only he didn't say blessed, even to himself.

"I don't see any hard luck to that."

"Tou don't?" exclaimed the o'mone would take a fifth hand, but as it was early in the evening there happened to be no desirable person in the room so there was no objection. More than that, Newton looked up with a smile of welcome and said; "Hello George."

More Skill Than Luck.

There was a moment's silence

nstance of this led to a sudden deterintention.

There was a game of stud poker in
Quinn's intent. If a gentleman of his
profression chose to deny his identity, it
was doubtless for good reasons, and
the freemasonry of the craft dictated
that his wish should be respected.

A moment later, however, his complacement was a particular to the polyment of placency vanished suddenly, for Quinn went on to say: "My name is Osborne, Henry Osborne

time, bought his chips from the house attendant.

It was a table stake game, each man putting in \$100 to start, and ordinarily the two professionals would have had easy work dividing the money of the other three, for they had played together often enough to have a perfect understanding. But on this occasion they were rather at a disadvantage, each paying more attention to the other than he did to the game, and neither daring to exercise any of the skill he had in the manipulation of the cards for fear of the other's denunciation.

Just what Osborne's object was in playing poker under such circumstances Newton was at a loss to conjecture, but, after thinking it over as well as he could while the game was going on, he decided that Osborne intended fastening a quarrel on him but did not wish to have it appear that it was a quarrel about a woman. And this, indeed, was the case.

Newton was put sufficiently on his council by this reasoning to make him.

And the outbreak came. There was a jackpot which one of the army officers opened on Newton's deal. Quinn and the other officer passed out, but the contractor and Newton stayed, Newton raising it \$10.

The officer raised back and the contractor dropped, but Newton stayed. On the draw the officer stood pat and Newton took one card.

Newton took one card.

The officer bet a white chip, and Newton, after looking at his cards, raised it \$20, whereupon the other called and showed a king high flush, but Newton turned over the called and showed a king high flush, but Newton turned over the called and showed a king high flush, but Newton turned over the called and showed in the called in the called

the pot.

"Hard luck," said the officer, rather discontentedly, as was natural enough. But he picked up the deck and was about to deal without further comment. Nothing more would have been said if it had not been for Quinn. He said very slowly and significantly:

"I don't see any hard luck about that."

"You don't?" exclaimed the officer.
"Don't you call it hard luck to hold a
pat flush and have another man draw

If he could not understand it, neither rould he shake it off, and the longer it continued the more it troubled him, until finally he found it was getting on his nerves to such an extent that it interfered with his play, and one notable instance of this led to a sudden determination.

There was a moment's silence. It was impossible to mistake his meaning, and they looked first at him and then at Newton, who was listening intently, but who seemed as cool as did Quinn. He saw that Quinn's hand was under the table, but he did not hesitate.

Newton smiled with which he thought was an instant comprehension of "As I was the dealer, Mr. Osborne of this led to a sudden determination." There was a moment's silence. It was impossible to mistake his meaning, and they looked first at him and then

A moment later, however, his compared to contribute were two cattle dealers, who had come all the way to Chicago to close out an unusually large deal rather than sell to agents and who had carried the deal through so skillfully that they suffered from that suddenly rich feeling. They were both sober, but it did not show in their play.

Caught Aces Back to Back.

In the course of the game it chanced that Mr. Quinn caught aces back to back and, making his bet, was greatly disgusted to find that nobody was willing to stay with him except one of these cattle dealers, who, with a ten showing, gave him a raise.

It was, of course, barely possible that the cattleman was making his play on

chips impatiently, and Newton, who held the cards, began to deal, while Quinn, or Osborne, as he was for the time, bought his chips from the house

others, who were already fingering their

turned over an ace full and raked in

out against you?"
"No, not when the other man deals,"

the table, but he did not hesitate.
"As I was the dealer, Mr. Osborne of Detroit," he said, as deliberately as the

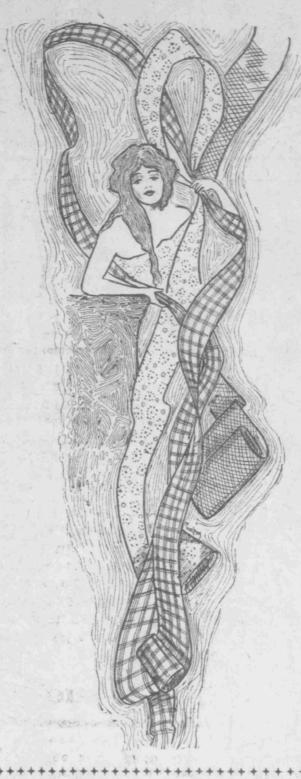
other had spoken, "I must ask you to explain yourself a little better." And his own hand dropped out of sight.

"I mean," said Quinn, "that there's a good deal more skill than luck about filling a full house when you deal a card off the bottom of the deck."

There was only one possible answer to this, and Newton made it. Before his own hand was above the edge of

SHUNNED HIS MIRROR

.. Walker's Store ..



The First Significant Dress Goods Sale of the Season.

Newest Weaves in Broad Array, Up to \$2.25 One Priced--\$1.a Yard.

NOW at the beginning of the season when I autumn needs are forming themselves into difficult problems to solve, a good round saving on your gown-the most important of the list-will certainly be welcomed. The whole stock, as you know, sparkles with newness; every weave, every shade now here is a fashion beauty for autumn and winter. Black and colors to select from, and take note of weave-variety the following suggests. Sale begins Monday---lasts the week,

Voiles, Eolians, Mistrals, Twines, French LaGloria Crepes, Noppes, French Knot Thin Fabrics, Showflakes, Zibelenes, Broadtail Zibelenes, Ombre Zibelenes, Paion Zibelenes, Yarn Mixed Zibelenes Boutonne Effects. Scotch and American Novelties, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.50 Grades All One Priced--\$1 a Yard.

Another Price Whirl in the Mercerized Waistings.

The fault was ours in buying too many. That's all. You've no fault to find, tho', since it made choosing for you all the better-variety broader, more grades. The mercerized cottons are the proper things for fall and winter waists-indeed, there's scarcely aught else being shown on the markets, so completely have they superseded flannels and the like. The entire stock, pure white and fancy, almost 400 styles, will be divided for Monday and week into three lots, thus:

The 60c, 65c, 75c a yard-waist pattern from any for-\$1.25.

The 85c, 90c, \$1 a yard—waist pattern from any-\$2. The \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.50 a yard—choose waist pattern from any at \$2.75.

Some of the \$25 Women's Tailor Suits Still Here. Up to \$47.50 Values.

Not a thing wrong with these suits. They are in the best and newest of styles—as to shapes and material, but to make a sale for Fair week a number received this price-cut. Now we've rounded out variety and size list by adding to those that did not go away during allotted time, and you have again the chance to pick a fall and winter suit at a splendid saving. Made of cheviots and men's suiting cloths in dark blue, black and mixture colors. Long coats with shoulder capes and without, blouse or straight fronts, silk lined. Strictly tailor-made. Sizes 32 to 42. Ten days ago they sold at \$30 to \$47.50. Monday and week, choice-\$25.

HEAVY COTTON WAISTS FOR FALL AND WINTER, HALF PRICED.

A group of fifty shirt waists made of oxfords, vestings and mercerized canvas; new autumn and winter styles, with broad plaits and narrow stitchings, tuckings, buttons. All white and with colored Price range \$3 to \$9; commencing Monday--HALF THESE PRICES.

\$5 Eiderdown Bathrobes-\$3.95

The eiderdown is a rich red, of heavy quality and made full length. The sailor collars, fancy pattern designs. Heavy enough to wear all winter. pockets and sleeves are bound with satin ribbon. \$5 robes Monday and week--\$3.95.

Lace Robe Made by Our Pupil Awarded First Prize.

This pleasant bit of news reached the needle-work store a little late for the broader publicity it should have had. One who has been our lace student worked faithfully to have it in readiness for exhibition during the Fair. Her reward is a first prize by judges there, but other judges-women well versed in the art of lace making-had before pronounced it a masterpiece. All unnecessary is it to say more in praise of our chief instructor, who has scarcely a peer in the needlework world. The robe will be exhibited in the

Scissors, Bead Looms.

A goodly lot of scissors and shears, different sizes and shapes, all splendid makes, priced regularly 35c to 50c each. Monday and until gone, choice-22c Looms for making Indian bead work, Monday, Tuesday, Wed-

nesday instead of 35c each-19c. "Reliance" hooks and eyes and the Appleton invisible, sizes 3 and 4, silver or black, three days 15c box (one gross)-5c.

Petty Prices For Pretty Brooches.

An attractive collection of brooches-many of the prettiest here in sterling silver, gold plate and stone settings. Formed into three lots and commencing Monday price reductions are-Brooches that sold at 75c, 85c and \$1 each for-43c. Brooches that sold at 50e and 65e each-32c.

Brooches that sold at 25c and 35c each-16c

Knit Garments For Women and Children.

Women's white cotton union suits, prettily finished, woven smoothly, perfect fitting garments—\$1.50. Women's fleeced white cotton union suits, high neck, long sleeves, ankle length, right weight for fall-\$1.25.

Women's vests and drawers of fleeced white cotton, excellent Children's ecru fleeced cotton vests and pantellettes, in all sizes

Good Writing Paper For Little.

A long time since there's been a price-cut on the good Hurlbut court series correspondence papers. Here it is. Court of England, Court of Russia, Court of Netherlands and Court of Empire-a splendid variety-note and letter sizes, blue, gray, cream and white. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday instead of 35c a box-23c.

Dainty Soup Menu For Every Day This Week.

It's a delicious sip and bite and warms one nicely these crisp days. The demonstration is for the Armour Beef Extracts, and valuable suggestions are given as to their use in making soups, gravies and bouillon. This menu for the week:

Monday-Tomato soup. Tuesday—Cream of Peas. Wednesday—Cream of Beans. Thursday-Vegetable. Friday-Cream of Celery.

Walker Brother Bry Goods Co